

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, AUGUST 23, 1889.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA 2 O'CLOCK. EXPIATION!

The Four Murderers of
Women Hanged in the
Tombs Yard To-Day.

Packenham and Nolan Die on
One Gallows and Lewis and
Carolyn on Another.

The Drops Fell at 6.49 and 7.01
O'Clock this Morning.

Carolyn Dies with Bitter
Curses on His Lips.

Lewis, the Negro's, Death the Most
Painful of All.

All Four Bodies to Be Interred in Calvary
Cemetery.

Carolyn Writes the "Evening
World" a Letter of Farewell.

The Impressions of a Man Who Had
Never Before Seen a Hanging.

The four murderers have paid the death
penalty.
Gray-haired, stalwart Patrick Packenham,
a rosy about his neck in plain view on his
white shirt, and tall, slim-built James Nolan
died side by side on the gallows tree on the
Franklin street side of the Tombs court-
yard this morning.

The official time, as given by Deputy
Coroner Jenkins, was 6.49.
Nolan was pronounced dead in eight
minutes.

Within five minutes life was extinct in
Packenham's body.

The hanging of these two men was a fear-
ful sight, and one that no one could witness
without betraying emotion.

After mass and receiving communion in
the chapel of the female prison, the men re-
turned to their cage for breakfast. It was
not a cheerful meal, although the repast was
tempting.

Darling was dawning. It streamed in
through the iron-barred window of the murder-
ers' cage.

But they did not seem pleased to see it.
It was only another reminder of their ap-
proaching death.

About 6.25 Sheriff Flack at the head of
twenty-four of his deputies arrived at the
Tombs.

"How are the men?" he asked Warden
Osborne.

"Good, good," was the reply.

The Sheriff's posse then entered and the re-
porters followed them in to the cobble-
stoned yard of the Tombs.

TELLING THEM THEIR DOOM.
At 6.40 Sheriff Flack told the men how
they would be hanged.

"You, Nolan, will go with Packenham and
die on the Franklin street side," he said, "and
now, Carolyn, you and Lewis come
with me."

Between two files of deputy sheriffs he con-
ducted them to a room in the boys' prison.

"They knew that that was done in order
to have them near at hand for their execution
on the Leonard street scaffold."

the pieces of new rope swinging over their
heads.

Nolan had the black cap partially on as he
came out of the prison.

Old Packenham did not.
Using very little gentleness Atkinson
pulled it about his head as he stood in posi-
tion under the gallows line.

PRAY, MY SON, PRAY.
Father Prendergast stepped forward, and
taking one of Packenham's pinioned hands
in his own he said:

"Pray, my son, pray."
Father Gelinus tried to cheer up Nolan
with the same advice, but Nolan only an-
swered, "All right, father."

He was very white. He prayed earnestly
while Atkinson was adjusting the noose
about his neck.

THE HANGMAN'S SIGNAL.
At precisely 6.49 little Atkinson, battered
one chubby hand against the unpainted
board guard-house, looking affair built against
the Franklin street side of the Tombs.

A second later the ominous sound of a
hatchet was heard. Packenham and Nolan
were dangling in the air.

There was the hush of death in the small
party assembled there. The old man's black
cap did not cover his neck.

The veins could be seen to swell with
blood.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.
His big rough hands turned blue and then
black with constricted blood, but he did not
struggle much.

Nolan, within reaching distance of him,
grasped desperately for breath.

His chest, rose and fell. His legs, bound
together, he drew up almost to his chest.

His efforts at breathing could be heard by
every one present.

It was a heart-rending spectacle.
Under Sheriff Sexton wiped the tears from
his eyes.

And then a gleam of sunshine filtered over
the walls of the prison and kissed the black
caps concealing the faces of the men and
rested against the side wall of the old prison.

For a way, seemingly, was the great city of
New York.

Its rush, roar and whirl came faintly into
that Garden of Death.

Those men in their grave clothes swung
quietly to and fro while sparrows lighted on
the cross-beams of the scaffold and doves
flew in and out between the suspended
bodies.

TWO PICTURES.
Can you even faintly picture the fearful
spectacle from this suggestion? And yet
this picture is a mild one compared with
another taking place a few yards away.

CAROLYN AND LEWIS.
A negro and a half crazy German were en-
tertaining each other and bidding one an-
other good-by.

Lewis and Carolyn.
The first named smoked cigar after cigar
while waiting his turn to come.

It came in due time.
Sheriff Flack, Under Sheriff Sexton and
four reporters walked down to their tempo-
rary quarters in the boys' prison and called
them forth to die.

Fathers Prendergast and Gelinus tried to
foster their minds on heaven.

Useless effort.
Both men lacked the nerve of the Irish-
men, and besides they had heard the sound
of the axe that sent their old companions out
of the world.

With arms pinioned, heads bent low down,
black caps, with ribbons trailing behind in
the morning breeze, they staggered forth to
meet their Maker.

Carolyn clinched a cigar between his
teeth.

On his way to the scaffold he kept shouting:
"I DIE INNOCENT."

"I die innocent," you, you hang
an innocent man today."

Ceasing his tirade for a moment he held one
pinioned hand to shake with Deputy
Sheriff Delmonroe.

"You are gentlemen, you treated me well,
I never forgot you, but those—"
"I will square with them if I can."

Poor Father Prendergast renounced.
"Remember my son you were at mass this
morning."

But Carolyn shrieked the louder.
He kept his cigar lighted and clinched be-
tween his teeth, and hissed his words loud
enough to be heard on the streets outside.

TOOK THE CIGAR FROM BETWEEN HIS TEETH.
Father Prendergast stepped up to him and
removed the cigar from between his lips.

Atkinson began to adjust the noose about
Carolyn's neck.

His profanity grew apace.
"Then, no justice, none, none, other murderers
on the streets."

LEWIS KNEELS.
Lewis, his lips as white as Carolyn's face,
stands under the dangling rope, a meek
under his thick features, the whites of his
eyes visible around the rim of his cap.

Bracing up, old fellow, can't you be a
man."

DIED WITH CURSES ON HIS LIPS.
As a curse was passing from the German's
lips Atkinson struck his fist again against
a pine board partition and the other two mur-
derers swung between earth and sky.

A few drops of rain fell.
Again a solemn hush fell upon all.

UNFORTUNATE TO THE LAST.
The negro, Lewis, unfortunate to the last,
died hardest of all.

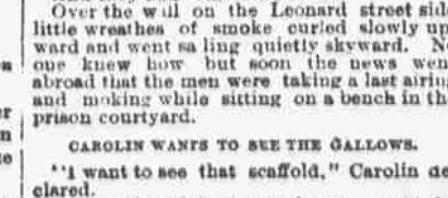
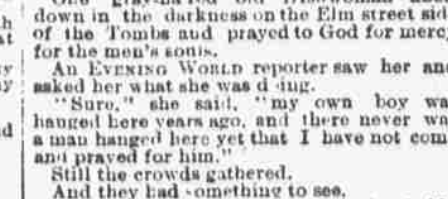
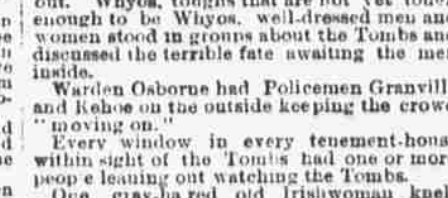
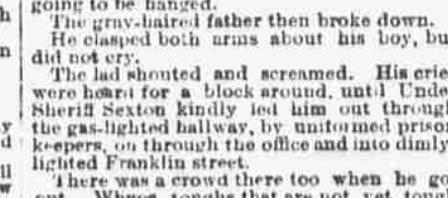
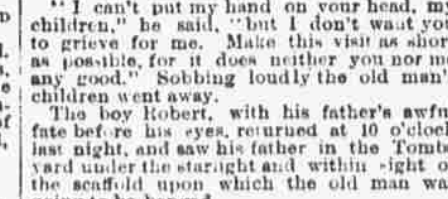
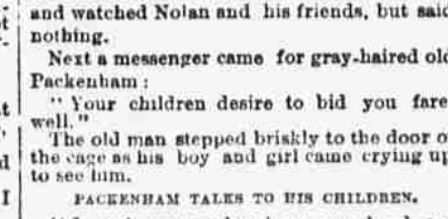
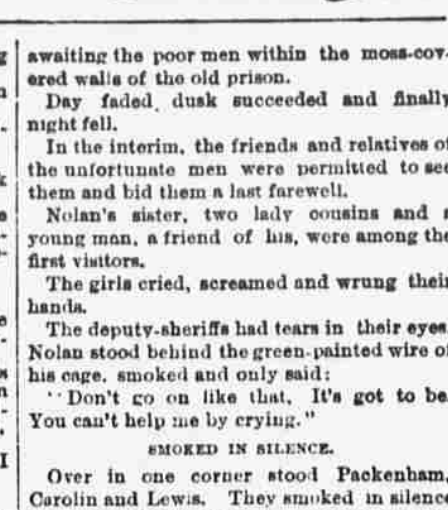
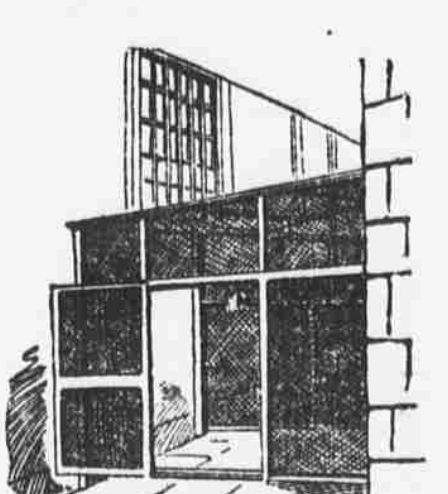
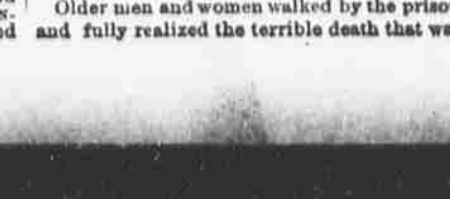
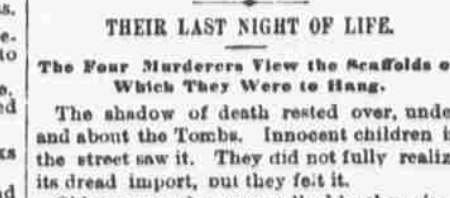
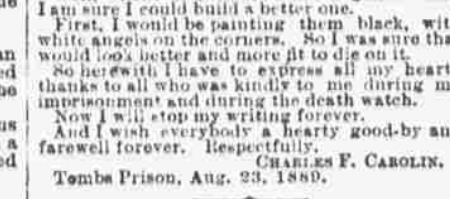
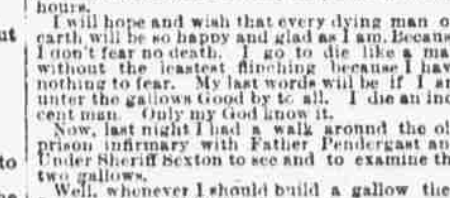
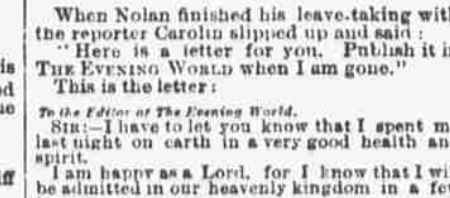
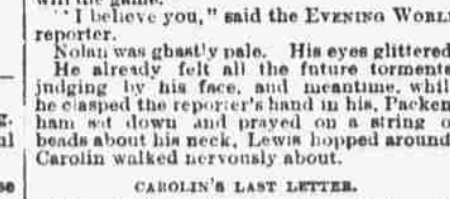
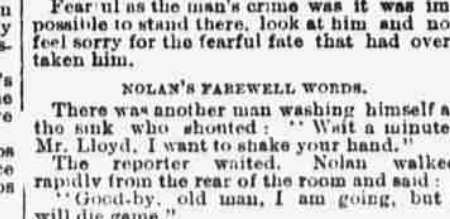
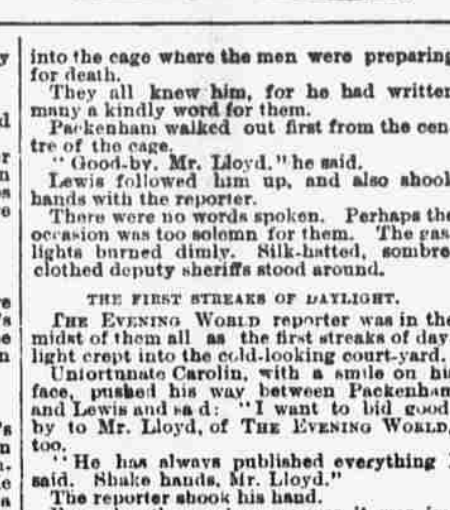
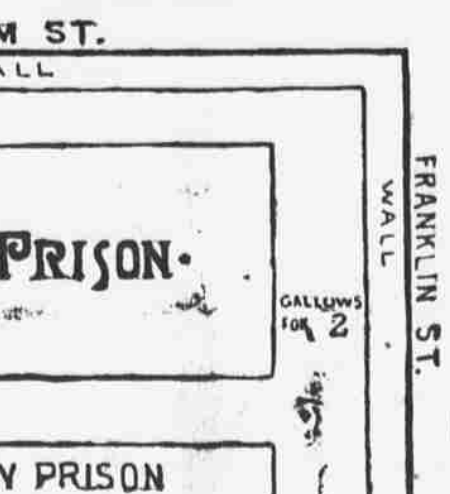
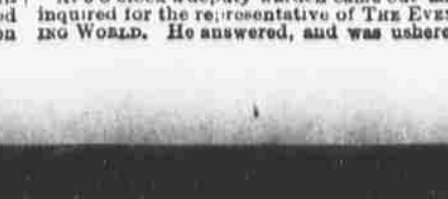
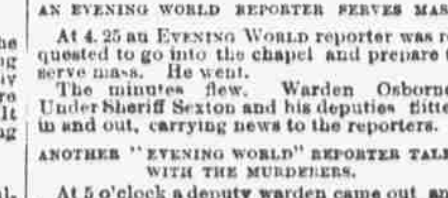
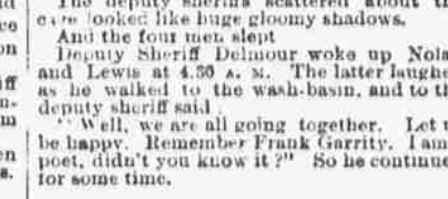
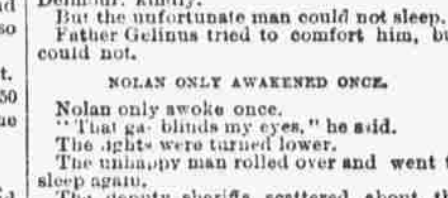
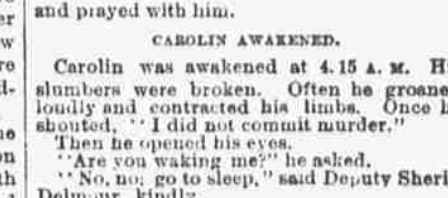
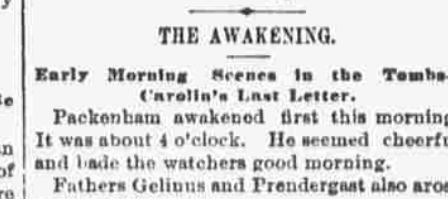
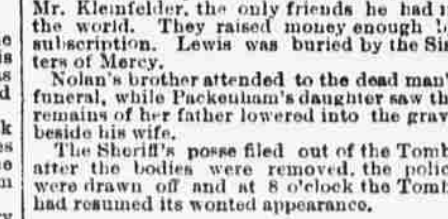
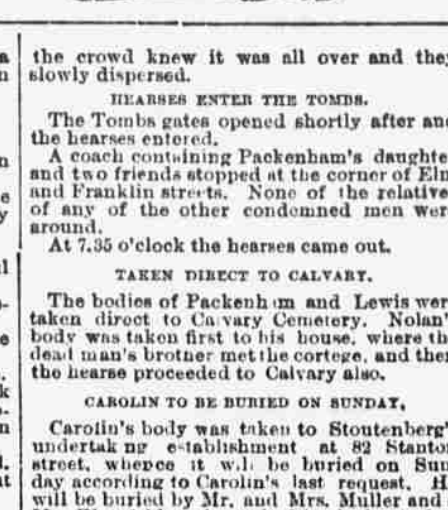
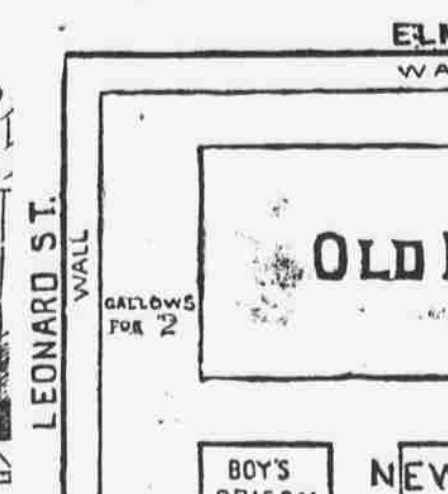
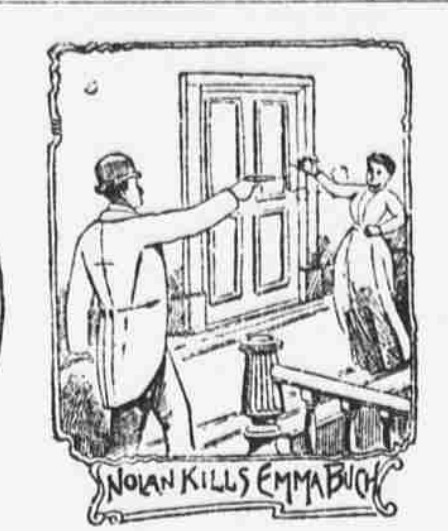
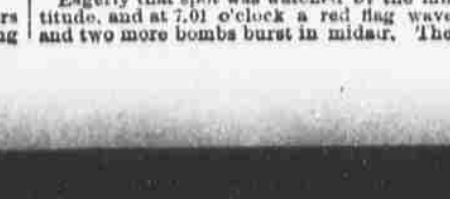
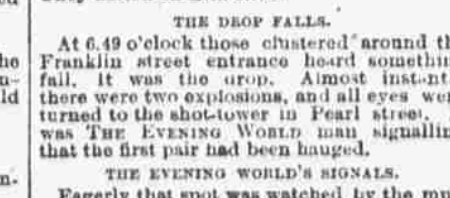
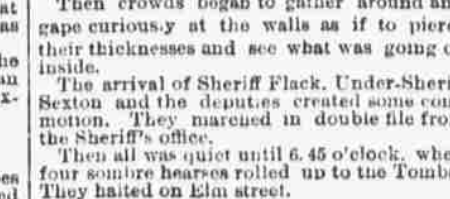
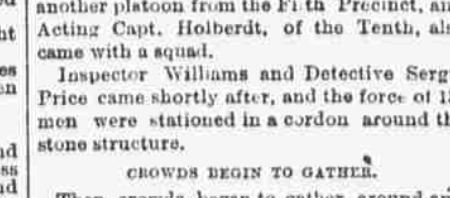
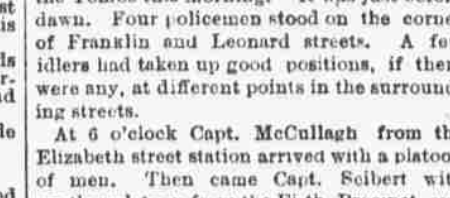
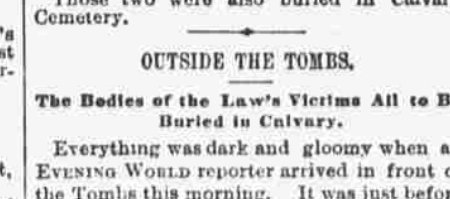
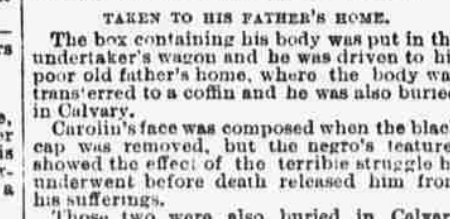
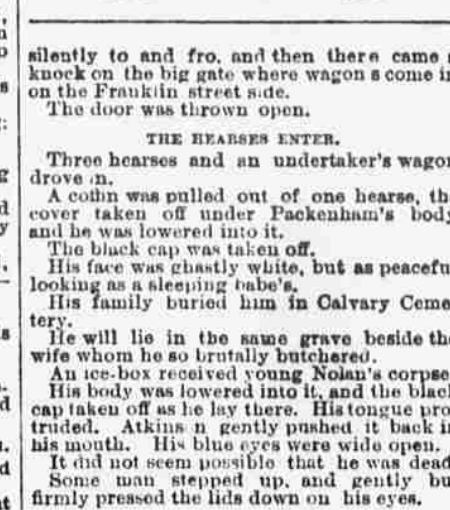
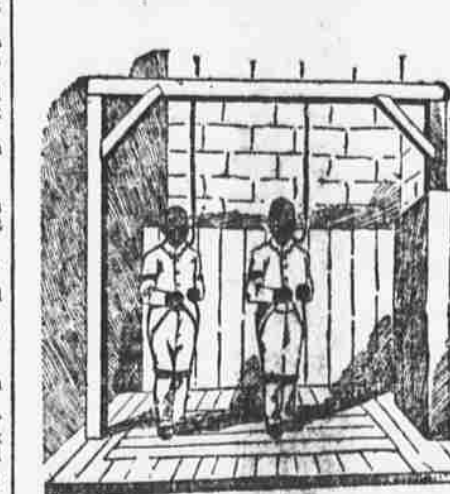
The hands about his ankles, tied at the last
moment, he wrenched apart and kicked his
slippers off his black stockings.

His breast rose and fell, his black hands
climbed the black cap became awry, per-
mitting a portion of his face to be seen, and
he quailed like a demon struggling for life.

More than one strong man turned aside
shuddering.

CAROLYN DIES EARLY.
It was 7.01 A. M. when they were jerked
up. Carolyn died easily in four minutes.

Lewis lived for eight minutes and fought
for breath to the last.



EXTRA 2 O'CLOCK.

It is painted pearl gray. Eleven other men
have been hung on it.
"That should be painted black," Carolyn
said, as he took hold of it by one side and
shook it to test its strength. He next felt of
the long strip of white muslin covering the
window of the old prison.

"That ought to be silk," he remarked.

THOUGHT THE SCAFFOLD WOULD BEAR HIM.
"Well, do you think the scaffold will
bear you?" asked Mr. Sexton.

"Yes, I think it will, but it is not an
artistic job," Carolyn replied.

Then, turning to the good priest, Father
Prendergast, who was with him, Carolyn in-
quired:

"What do you think of it, father?"

"Don't ask me, my son. It is too ter-
rible," the father replied.

THE OTHER MURDERERS ALSO SAW THE SCAFFOLD.

Emboldened by Carolyn's display of nerve,
Lewis, Packenham and Nolan, with the
deputy sheriffs about them, then walked
about the yard and looked curiously at the
gallows-trees.

They expressed no opinion about them,
though.

The four remained smoking and chatting
in the yard about three hours.

Meantime the caterer was preparing a meal
for them.

It included broiled chicken, corn, toma-
toes, bread, tea, coffee, and cigars, rolls
and pastry. This was a surprise provided
for them by Sheriff Flack.

The men were pleased by the kindness and
ate heartily.

Packenham, as usual, sat at the head of the
table.

ONE VACANT SEAT.
There was one vacant seat.
That was Carolyn's.

At 11 o'clock yesterday morning the official
notification came from the Governor that he
was required, and he was taken out of the
murderers' cage and put back in his old cell
on the ground tier of the old prison, com-
monly called "Murderers' Row."

Before going, there was an affecting part-
ing between him and the four men whose
fate he so nearly shared. The men were
restless and uneasy all evening.

Their cheerfulness at the last supper was
forced. Fathers Prendergast and Gelinus
were with them, but even their presence
could not keep the men quiet.

Lewis seemed to be the least affected of
any of them.

He had two visitors yesterday afternoon,
the first in months, and it seemed to cheer
him up wonderfully.

One was a foreman on the Aqueduct, a
white man under whom he worked once, and
the other was a colored waiter in a restau-
rant where he ate his meals.

LEWIS KNEELS TEARS.
The negro prisoner cried after they went
away.

"I felt lonesome when I saw yose fellers
having company," he said, "but now them
fellers came an' saw me and I am satisfied."

The Sisters of Mercy have arranged to bury
Lewis.

"Atkinson and his four assistants
slept in cells over the murderers' cage last
night."

ANOTHER HANGMAN AT THE TOMBS.
All unknown to them Under Sheriff Sexton
had Hangman James Van Hiel from Newark
in the building as well.

"Atkinson might drop dead, you know,"
Mr. Sexton said in his quiet way, "and I am
not going to run any risk."

Before going to bed the men suddenly be-
thought themselves of "Handsome" Harry
Carlton, who shot Policeman Brennan.

They wanted to see him, and Hangman
decided to allow them to do so.

THE MURDERERS DID CARLTON GOOD-BY.
He brought Carlton from Murderers'
Row, in the old prison, and led him into the
cage where the other four murderers were.

"We want to say good-by to Harry," Lewis
called out, as the other murderer, whose case
is now before the Court of Appeals, stepped
in among them.

Tears filled his eyes.

"Good-by, boys," he said, brokenly,
"good-by."

I hope you will never be here," mur-
mured Packenham.

They shook hands all around, each man
gave him a cigar, and the parting was over.

PACKENHAM AND CAROLYN WRITE LETTERS.
Packenham and Carolyn sat down and
wrote letters for the press.

Nolan sat down with his head in his hand.
Sheriff Flack and Under-Sheriff Sexton, who
had been with the men all night, went away
to change their light summer suits for black
clothes.

Mr. Sexton returned at 1 o'clock this
morning.

THE LAST DEATH WATCH.
The last death watch consisted only of
eight men.

They were old and truly-tried regular
deputy sheriffs, though. Carragher was cap-
tain. His companions were Delmonroe, Le-
welly, Bennett, Metcaline, Fitzgerald, Gal-
lagher and Burke.

About 11 o'clock Hangman Atkinson came
in. Warden Osborne's office and watched
about twenty reporters who were writing up
the account of the murderers' last night on
earth.

ATKINSON'S REMARKS.
"Don't expect any scene at the gallows,"
was one remark he made.

Another was:

"I'll swing them nicely, as I have many a
one."

No one seemed to care particularly for his
society and he soon disappeared again.

THE CAPS AND MOVERS.
He carried a brown colored bag, which he
guarded jealously.

It contained six black silk caps and six
nooses, which were to be used at the execu-
tion this morning.

At midnight the men made their last con-
fession. Shortly after they retired for their
last night's rest on earth.

The only friends Carolyn had was Mr.
Muller, with whom he boarded once, Mrs.
Muller and Mrs. Kleinfelder.

CAROLYN WAKEFUL.
They collected a fund with which to bury
(Continued on third page.)

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all. No one can say the cannot afford it; only \$18.75
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